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Five Stars to Victory. Story  
of the 107th

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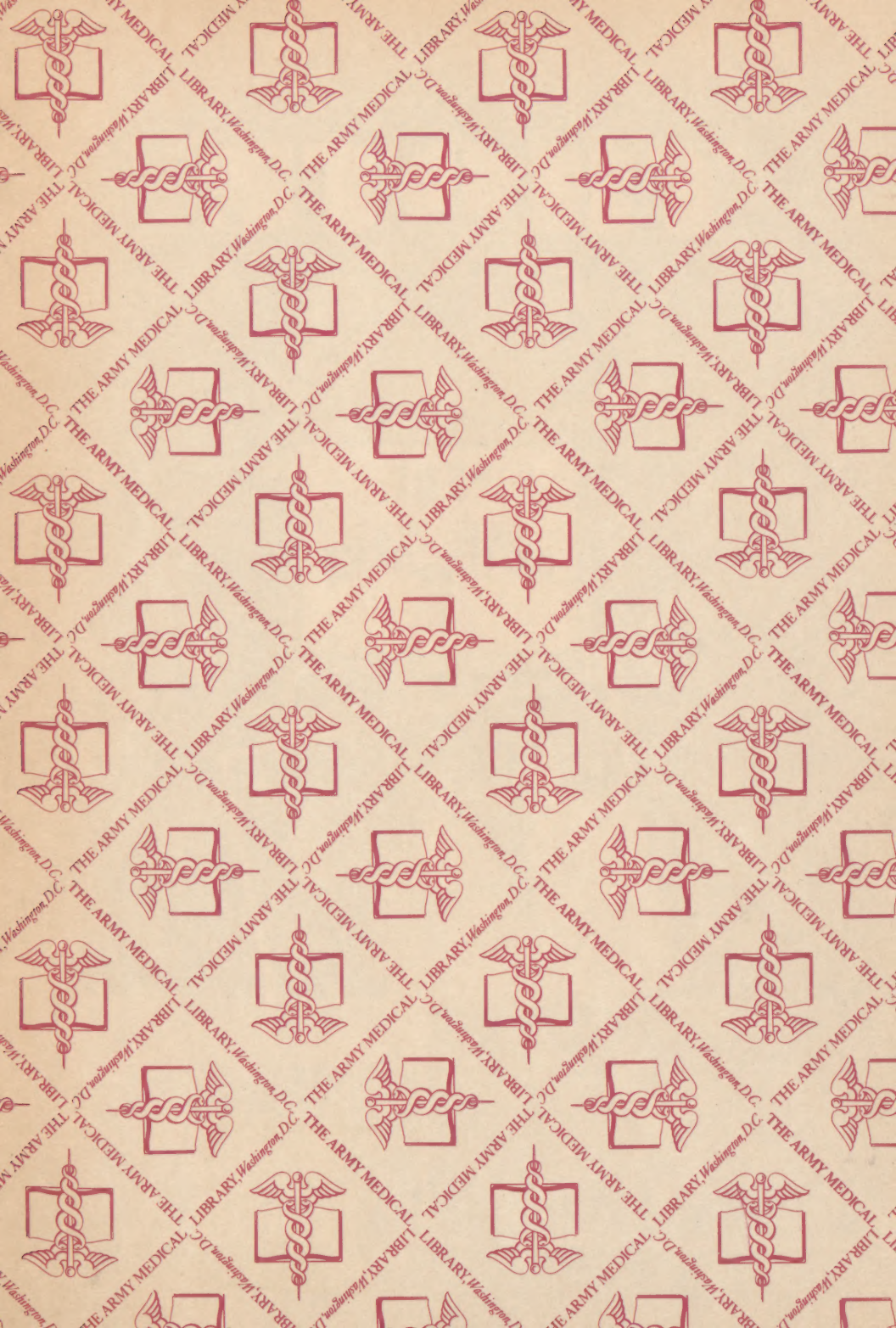
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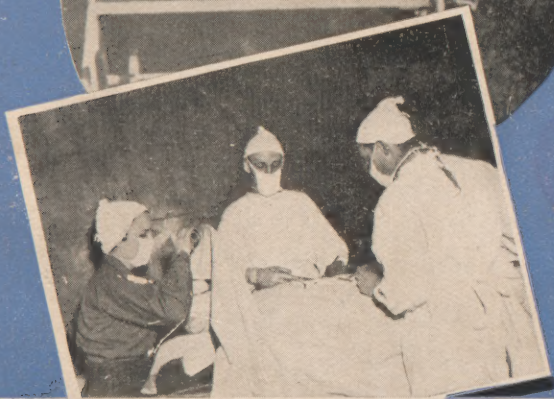


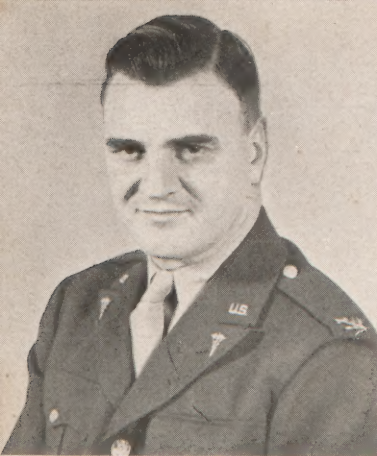


# *The* STORY

OF  
THE

107<sup>TH</sup>  
EVAC HOSP





**Col. Henry W. Daine**  
**Commanding Officer.**

*This story of your actions, and accomplishments, while members of the 107th Evacuation Hospital, has been compiled so that each of you upon your return to civilian life may have a handy reference and history that you can leaf through for information or for the mere joy of looking back at a period in your lives which I hope you will remember with as much pleasure and pride in your comrades and your organization as I am sure I will. To all of you whose untiring cheerful devotion to duty made the accomplishments of this unit possible, this booklet is dedicated.*

*Henry W. Daine*

**Henry W. Daine**  
Colonel MC  
Commanding



**Major Rex Trusler**  
**Executive Officer.**





FIVE STARS TO VICTORY

# THE STORY

OF THE

# 107<sup>TH</sup>

# EVACUATION HOSPITAL (SM)

Prepared by

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Detachment Commander

T/5 MARTIN CHANCEY

Office of Information & Education

The Editors wish to express their deep gratitude to all Officers, Nurses and Enlisted Men who have assisted in the preparation of the manuscript and collection of pictures for this unit history



**OFFICERS**



LH  
 470  
 A2E  
 107  
 1945 **NURSES**



**Col. Daine and staff  
 in conference  
 Lt. Col. Russell,  
 Capt. Hay and  
 Capt. Mihalich.**



# THE STORY OF THE 107TH

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*This is the story of an Evacuation hospital, its formation, training, and participation in five major campaigns in the European Theater of Operations. It is the story of 300 American men and women — just ordinary Joes and Janes — mainly from New England but with almost all states represented, who were welded into a smoothly functioning organization. Through periods of triumphal advances and during the cheerless days of reverses, their performance was always excellent. At times the going was rough and there were many homesick and weary days, but always the job of caring for the 25,000 sick and wounded entrusted to their care came first.*

## THE BIRTH AND INFANCY OF THE 107TH

The first step toward converting the hospital from a mere number in the Office of the Surgeon General to a living pulsating organization was taken on May 20, 1943 when the unit was formally activated at Camp Blanding, Florida, with Lt. Col. Henry W. Daine, formerly Division Surgeon of the Second Infantry Division, as Commanding Officer. While many of the future personnel of the 107th were still busy winding up their civilian affairs, Col Daine proceeded with the preliminary steps of forming and training his hospital unit.

To assist him with this administrative task, the following group of officers was assigned: Major Alexander B. Russell, M.C.; Major Leslie P. Herd, M.C.; Capt. David C. Hazard, D.C.; 1st Lt. Harrison Gray, M.A.C.; 1st Lt. J. J. Mihalich, M.A.C.; 1st Lt. Oscar Bergman, D.C.; 1st Lt. Louis R. Davanzo, M.A.C.; 2nd Lt. Paul W. Mocko, M.A.C.; 2d Lt. Prentice C. Woodhouse, M.A.C.; 2d Lt. Frederick W. Mozart, M.A.C.; 2d Lt. Albert J. Costine, M.A.C.; and Chaplain George W. Zinz.

Shortly afterward, an enlisted cadre of 34 men, furnished principally by the 21st Evacuation Hospital, then at the Desert Training Center, California, arrived and preparations for a training program began in earnest.

The date, 11 June, looms large in the history of the 107th. On that day a train arrived from Fort Devens, Massachusetts with the precious cargo of 182 sky-happy men, all known in cold army language as "filler replacements". On that day the 107th commenced its training program and the hospital as a unit began to take form.

It wasn't easy for these youngsters to conceal their keen disappointment that fate has brought them to a medical installation thus dashing their hopes for a glorious career in the Air Corps. Yet heartsick as they were by their first separation from home and loved ones, and anxious as they were



about a future of great uncertainty, these men set to work with a grim resolution to make the best of a painful situation. Great adjustments had to be made. They had to eat, sleep, and work with strangers and prepare to spend the next several years of their lives with them. It was a great difficulty to overcome the change from the cool New England air to the burning sands and blazing sun of Florida. Small wonder that so many of the new arrivals displayed "New England Ignorance", and passed out as they were being lined up for the first formation to hear a "Let's Get Acquainted" talk by the Detachment Commander.

Ten days later the new organization welcomed the arrival of Lt. Col. Howard S. Reid, who as Chief of the Medical Service was to play such a distinguished part in the life of the unit.

Thus the fourteen week basic training program, that painstaking process of making disciplined and skilled medical soldiers out of a motley crew of "filler replacements", was under way. It was largely due to the successful execution of this program that the foundation was laid for the organization's outstanding performance under the stress of actual combat.

Many hard and discouraging days lay ahead. The conscientious non-coms explained and illustrated the fundamentals of medical aid, close order drill and chemical warfare. They explained everything again and again with a remarkable patience. Why was it so hard to catch on to so simple a drill? What difference did it make if a footlocker was slightly out of place? How deep did one have to dig a fox hole to satisfy the training officer? Why did they pick the hottest days for a hike?

## PASSING IN REVIEW

But even in those early days the men had their first taste of pride in the performance of their organization. On the third day of basic training the officers and enlisted men participated in a parade reviewed by Lt. Gen. L. R. Fredendall, Commanding General of the Second Army. It was their first concerted effort as a unit. Although they could not hope to compete with the many older outfits in the parade, the men resolved to give it their best. How proud they were when comments from observers were most favorable, even when compared to units much more advanced in their training. The first effort was a success and everyone had done his part. *The 107th had indeed become much more than just a number!*

The days and weeks were rapidly rolling by. The men continued to plod through their daily routine of calisthenics, close order drill, and numerous classes ranging from military courtesy to anatomy and physiology. Many a studious medic sitting in these classes under the hot Florida sun,



quietly dozed off, only to be rudely awakened by the exasperated instructor bellowing, "*Ye Gods soldier, you cant be tired. — You just got up.*"

By the beginning of August this arduous physical and technical training program began to show results. Marching in squads and platoons the men kept in step. As they marched and marched and marched surplus poundage melted away.

In the middle of August Major Kenneth Grace, (shortly to become the very competent head of the Surgical Section) arrived. He was greatly impressed by the training as he watched the men applying leg splints, treating simulated shock, and improvising means for patient transportation.

## PUTTING BARNUM AND BAILEY TO SHAME

Upon completion of the first six weeks of general basic training the unit was ready for the specialized training of selected groups. Without such specialists an evacuation hospital cannot give the definitive treatment expected of it in combat. Thus, during the weeks that followed, groups of former students, butcher boys and drug store cowboys were dispatched to various general hospitals for intensive training as surgical, medical and x-ray technicians.

Evacuation Hospital personnel must also be able to erect and tear down tentage equally as expertly as Barnum and Bailey's tent crews. Despite all the distance traversed by the 107th in its wanderings through six European nations, the memories of the first convoy and bivouac remain very vivid. It was early in September when the convoy proceeded to the Twin Lakes area, for three days to establish and operate the first hospital with simulated casualties for patients. When a week later another bivouac was

Aerial View  
of First Bivouac  
Twin Lakes,  
Gold State Park  
Fla.



held at the Military Reservation of Camp Blanding, the hospital was quickly set up and proceeded to function efficiently with every section carrying out its work with facility. Aerial photographs of this bivouac revealed that not only were the tents set up in an excellent manner but that the whole hospital was expertly camouflaged.

As a result, the men began to develop a real pride in their unit and confidence in their collective ability to quickly move, set up and operate the hospital. They began to see the whys and wherefors of their basic training. The days and weeks of sweating and working were paying dividends.

## BASIC TRAINING COMPLETED

The completion of basic training in the middle of September was marked by the arrival of a team of inspectors from the Second Army to put the organization through its Military Training Program Tests. The unit received a satisfactory rating. At last the former group of bewildered youngsters from New England passed from the status of rookies to that of trained medical soldiers.

The 107th now received orders to proceed to its new station at Camp Gordon, Georgia, where it arrived at the end of September. Now began the final stage of advanced training leading up to maneuvers. The unit designed its individual plan for movement, setting up and operating the hospital. The CO and his staff were resolved that the technique of rapid movement and erection of this 400 bed hospital should be mastered. This was a wise move as was later borne out by experience in the ETO, where an additional hour moving could have been the difference between life and death for the hospital personnel and its patients.

The success of the last phase of the training program was enhanced by the fact that every enlisted man, after a personal interview, was assigned to the work he requested. The administrative work was further strengthened with the arrival of 3 MACs — 2d Lts. Maxson, Parrish and Reed and WOJG Milo D. Ward. At this time level-headed and competent Ed Southard became 1st Sgt. Thus, under the guidance of this enlarged staff, and with the enthusiasm that comes when every man does the work he feels best qualified for, the training proceeded rapidly. The efficiency and coordinated functioning of sections improved daily.

## THE FLOUR BAG ATTACK

The climax of this advanced training program came at the end of October, when a one week bivouac was conducted under simulated combat



conditions. As the men plodded along the dusty road, loaded down with full field-packs, their march was repeatedly punctuated by the warning whistle and the command "disperse". Everyone would dive for shelter as planes would appear overhead and bombard them with flour bags. As soon as this bivouac was completed the "battle tested" unit returned gratefully to the comforts of garrison life. But orders arrived shortly, alerting the outfit for participation in the Second Army maneuvers in Tennessee.

Now the 107th was to be put through the real test — the Tennessee winter maneuvers — compared with which all the previous hikes and bivouacs were just picnics. With the arrival of 14 medical officers and the acquisition of hospital equipment, the unit was now ready to go places.

## WINTER MANEUVERS IN TENNESSEE — A PREVIEW

During the next two months the 107th was to be treated to a real taste of things to come, including a sample of mud such as later seen in Luxemburg. Between 18 November 1943 and 7 January 1944 the period of maneuvers, the hospital was set up at six separate locations and received 2,783 patients.

It was on a bright and cool morning on November 9th when the unit left its home station at Camp Gordon, arriving two days later at Shelbyville, Tennessee. There it spent a week awaiting orders to go into action. As if to set the scene for the rest of the maneuver period the sun vanished from the skies and one rainy day followed another. But two bright spots shone through the overcast skies. News arrived of the promotion of the Commanding Officer to the rank of Colonel. This was hailed not only as a tribute to Col. Daine's leadership but also as recognition for the organization which he led. The other cheering news, was the arrival of 20 nurses, whose orders sent them from modern barracks on a torturous ride to live in those dingy, gloomy pyramidal tents.

**The Arrival of the  
First Group of Nurses  
Shelbyville, Tenn.**



The anxiously awaited orders finally came through: The 107th was to proceed to Castilian Springs and commence operating on November 20th. Early that morning the hospital was set up and open for patients. Before long 42 had arrived. The period of make belief was just about over. These patients were real, not simulated, and so was the deep, hateful and persistent mud. When in the total black-out one dashed his head against a tree or tripped over what seemed to be thousands of tent ropes, the reaction was just as painful as if it happened in combat.

No sooner had the personnel become orientated to the local terrain then orders arrived to strike tents and move forward. During times of movement every medic, be he cook, clerk, or surgical technician becomes a member of one of the tent crews. Within a few hours the "show" came down-destined to arise the next day at beach Grove, 95 miles distant.

It was at Beach Grove that many of these men and women spent their first Thanksgiving Day away from home and dear ones. The same turkey dinner was served with all its trimmings, but instead of gathering around the family dinnertable they ate out in the cold, wind-swept field. Yes, they were "tenting that night", and would be doing so for many more days and nights to come "until the dawn of peace".

At mid-day December 2nd orders were received to move to Baxter, Tennessee. In less than 3 hours, 100 patients were evacuated, the equipment packed and the hospital torn down. The following morning, after grappling for several hours with the wet tentage in a heavy downpour, the hospital was set up and ready to receive patients an hour before scheduled time. Though dripping with mud and sweat the men beamed with pride as they complimented one another and even engaged in a bit of back slapping, saying "*Its a hot outfit this 107th.*"



Morning Ablutions, Baxter, Tenn.

It was here that Major Russell, the Executive Officer, who was known as "everybody's friend", and who remembered everyone by their first name, received his promotion to Lt. Colonel.



## “WINTERIZING” IN TENNESSEE

By the middle of December, the unit received orders to “winterize”, and proceeded to Shelbyville to take up winter quarters. The entire personnel was billeted in pyramidal tents which seemed like fabulous palaces when compared with pup tents. The medical and surgical wards were set up in two huge garages. But not everyone was fortunate enough to enjoy his Christmas in this winterized heaven. A call came for a medical unit which was needed outside Cooksville. The hospital was formed into two echelons and one sailed forth into an ocean of mud to celebrate their Christmas tending to the patients in the field.

Those that remained tried to hide their feelings of homesickness and loneliness by a make-believe festive mood of a “smile darn you” cheerfulness as they helped the Red Cross distribute gifts to the patients.

The New Year found the entire family of the 107th reunited. The unit had successfully met its first great test. It had been through two months of operation in the field in support of the 35th, 87th, 100th Infantry and 14th Armored Divisions. It had ministered to many hundreds of patients under most adverse natural conditions. Many precious lessons had been learned, particularly about the difference between operation by the “book” and the many practical problems that arise in the field. The valuable experience gathered during this maneuver period was in large part responsible for the ability of the 107th to cope with the great ordeals of the Christmas and New Year of 1944—45, and to come through with flying colors.

At the conclusion of maneuvers, the hospital was given a rating of satisfactory. As one of the New Englanders put it, *“An impression must have been made on someone since we found ourselves with reservations on a boat bound for Europe.”*

Indeed an impression had been made, since orders came through on 2 January for the 107th to proceed to the staging area at Camp Tyson.

## FROM CAMP TYSON TO OMAHA BEACH

On 19 January 1944 the 107th Evac Hospital arrived at Camp Tyson, Tennessee, famous as an Army Barrage Balloon Center. During its 4 week stay at Tyson the unit was absorbed with extensive preparations for overseas movement. However much the personnel may have wanted to relax after 2 months in the field and enjoy the luxuries of garrison life, there were too many urgent things to be done.

An amazing number of big and little problems had to be attended to. The unit had to be brought up to T O strength, and soon enough officers

and nurses arrived to meet the required number. A cadre of 1 officer and 34 enlisted men was transferred and new men arrived to take their places. TAT equipment had to be prepared for shipment. An opportunity had to be given to those who had been away from home those past 8 months to say goodbye to their families. Every member in the organization had to be completely outfitted with combat serviceable clothing and equipment. As a result, life in Tyson was just one inspection after another. And despite the help of that little trap door in the ceiling where the men hid away their "extra" clothing, the belongings of everyone received a very thorough going over.

## POM POM POM

P.O.M. P.O.M. — these ominous letters now became the center of all thinking and action. Foremost in the program of Preparations for Overseas Movement was the emphasis on physical fitness. These were the days of long hikes through the lovely woodlands surrounding Camp Tyson; days every man had to crawl through the infiltration course under a hail of machine gun bullets with dynamite charges going off on every side. Then came the chemical warfare preparations, those frightening gas chambers and the various gas identification drills which resulted in arguments as to whether a whiff of smoke smelled like fly-paper, new mown hay or garlic.

By the middle of February POM was completed and the various groups that had left on furloughs had returned. It was about time to "hit the deck". With the words of the CO, "*I pray that you will never be separated from your dog tags*", the 107th departed from the staging area.

On February 18th the unit arrived at the Port of Embarkation, Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. This was the big opportunity for that handful of "hill-billies" to fulfill their life's ambition to see the sky-scrapers of Manhattan. Now was the time for abandon ship drills and for thoughts about that boat ride across the U-boat infested ocean. Yes, for POEitis. It was Johny's last chance to call home and to hear Ma's trembling tearful voice. **An excellent medicine to relieve POEitis was liberally administered as promotions were posted for nearly half of the enlisted personnel.**

The next hurdle, the POE physicals, were expected to be very thorough and turned out to be quite the contrary: an examination lasting all of 25 60 of a minute declared each man to be equal to all the rigors of combat life.

Thus the decks were cleared for the fateful day of February 27th when the men and women of the 107th walked up the gang plank, boarded the Navy transport Susan B. Anthony and set sail for an unknown destination.



## A LAST LOOK AT THE GOOD OLD USA

The men silently lined the rails, looked back at the good US soil vanishing from sight, and wondered how long it would be before they would return.

If physical activity aboard the ship was limited by the compactness with which the men were jammed into the hold, their minds were under no such restrictions. Before long they concocted a truly hair-raising crop of rumors. "A pack of U-boats was trailing the ship", "The Susan B. had struck a mine and was already tilting", etc. Thus passed 11 long and anxious days during which the monotony was broken only by the abandon ship drills, and by that strange voice bellowing **"Now hear there, smoking lamp is out on deck"**.

Though fear of enemy action and anxiety about the future continued to press upon the brain, the sight of the mighty convoy, the countless corvettes and destroyer escorts — all had a miraculously reassuring effect.

On the morning of March 9th part of the great question was answered. The immediate destination was North Ireland. As the Susan B was slowly piloted into the Port of Belfast hundreds of civilians dove and fought to get at the cigarettes and candy flung at them by the generous (or foolish) GI's.

Though their homes were 3000 miles behind, and before them lay the grim Festung Europa, those 4 months in the UK will long be remembered by the 107th as most enjoyable ones. During the first 2 months the hospital was billeted in Nissen huts in the Knock Road Section of Belfast. A training program was initiated with a new twist to it: namely, preparations for long and short sea voyages. Then there were those ever present refresher courses in medical and general military subjects. The wise training officer managed to sugar-coat a physical fitness program with hikes to the Ulster Parliament, visits to ancient castles, and strolls through the beautiful hills and valleys of North Ireland. The men made a real effort to impress the Irish with their military precision and they can still hear ringing in their ears the cry of Lt. Parrish, **"Skip Cadence, Count"**.

A well organized sports program had always proved the main source of the unit's recreation. Softball games between officers and non-coms were the center of this program, with Col. Daine's pitching proving rather disastrous for the opposing teams.

The reputed coldness of the Englishman didn't seriously interfere with the establishment of the warmest friendships. Much more difficult to cope with was the capricious weather and the art of building fires with that fire resistant Irish coal. Even more complex was that knowledge of higher mathematics necessary to figure out the number of pence to a shilling



Life can be comfortable in Nissen Huts-Officers Quarters.

Medical Supply at Work, Belfast, North Ireland.



A Carefree Moment, Sunday afternoon in Belfast. Lts. Reed, Mihalich and Mr. Ward.



and the shillings to a pound. No one could ever get used to the idea of going to sleep at midnight in bright daylight, even if the window blinds were drawn to simulate darkness.



**Nurses on parade, Belfast.**

All too soon did Belfast and its famed City Hall pass into History. On May 11th orders were received from XV Corps to proceed to Denbigh, North Wales.

## **THE VALE OF CLWYD**

Denbigh is situated in the picturesque Vale of Clwyd, a spot reputed to be the loveliest in all the world (so the Welshmen said). The personnel, billeted in 120 private homes, quickly took advantage of a real opportunity to become acquainted with the home life and outlook of these Englishmen.

The air was now full of talk about the imminence of the invasion of France. The bombing of Hitler's fortress by the RAF and the USAAF reached an unprecedented fury and many indulged in pipe dreams about the Nazis being knocked out by allied air power alone. But preparations for the colossal amphibious operation went forward with mounting energy and tension. The 107th, while resuming the training program initiated in Ulster, now stepped up last minute preparations and packing of equipment for a sea voyage and landing on the far shore. Passive air defense, recognition of enemy aircraft, and the setting up of the hospital under simulated field operations — these were the all important training topics.

**Vale of Clwyd  
from  
Denbigh Castle.**



**St. Mary's  
Church from  
Castle Grounds,  
Denbigh,  
North Wales.**

The hourly mounting tension, heightened by the unit's transfer to the Third Army, failed to put a damper on Denbigh's teeming social life. On the contrary, there was a feeling that now was the time to snatch at the last bit of fun before the deadly serious business started. Many lasting friendships were made over a cup of tea and toast, or mild and bitter at three pence and a bob. GIs competed with Welshmen in the dart games so popular in those quaint old pubs. Others took a particular interest in Denbigh's 13th century castle — a favorite and inexpensive spot to take your date. With the arrival of 2 Red Cross Representatives, a plan was instituted for providing welfare facilities and rounding out the program of activities.

Into this quiet, contented life crashed the world shaking news, the invasion of Europe was on. With several of the unit's officers and enlisted



men taking part in D-Day operations, the invasion took on a particularly intimate meaning.

The tension of waiting became more acute with every passing day. But not for long. A month after D-Day orders arrived for the 107th to leave Denbigh for the marshalling area at Southampton, England. It was a rainy July evening. The citizens of Denbigh had gathered at the railroad station to see the Americans off. There were many damp eyes in the crowd as these sedate Englishmen and women tried to push through the throng to shake hands with the departing Americans, to bid them good luck and a cheerio.

## THIS WAS NO DRY RUN

After a three day stay at the marhalling area the 107th personnel proceeded on trucks to the docks. "*This is it men*", said the 1st Sgt. "*This is no dry run.*" Arriving at the pier the men and women lined up to board the British Army transport SS Victoria. There they stood, inching towards the gangplank, the convoy number chalked on their helmets and duffle bags like price marked Christmas toys. Everyone wore stiff, ill-smelling, gas protective underwear and on top of that ODs and over those fatigues. Then there was a full field-pack, duffle bags, and gas mask for every man and woman to carry. The hot July sun beat down mercilessly. By the time the personnel of the 107th had come aboard, the little freighter was so packed that its human cargo was coming out of the port holes. "*Pile 'em on the open decks*", ordered an authoritative voice. In that manner the unit sailed for the shores of Normandy.

Soon after a supper of "10 in 1", the men fell asleep, as if to escape the unbearable suspense. By 0300, when the SS Victoria joined the vast convoy at the Rendezvous and set sail for France, grotesque shaped heaps of dog-tired sleeping men were sprawled all over the deck, ignoring the many buzz-bombs with their following trails of tracers.

## GOING INTO OPERATION ON FRENCH SOIL

As the darkness lifted above the channel and after a "10 in 1" breakfast, all aboard lined the rails and strained their eyes toward the horizon, toward something that looked like a low hanging cloud. It was the first sight of French soil. By noon the convoy had come within full view of Omaha Beach. There lay before it a seemingly endless line of half submerged ships, sunk to form a break-water. There were rows of huge steel-pronged spiders; here and there a smashed or overturned LST. Every-

thing seemed to move to the rhythm of the distant boom and crash of the artillery.

With darkness would come the Luftwaffe to bomb and strafe the narrow beachhead. It was therefore necessary to put ashore before dark the tens of thousands of men and the huge cargoes brought over by this convoy. At break-neck speed the human cargo was loaded into LCTs and rushed ashore. Their feet now firmly set on French soil, the men of the 107th trudged up a steep hill that rose from the beach, a hill remembered by many as "Coronary Hill". The women were lucky, they rode up in trucks.

As they reached the top a huge cemetery came into view where lay some of the 7000 Americans who paid with their lives the price Hitler exacted for the Normandy beachhead. Before long the begrimed, sweating and puffing column reached Transit Area No. 3 near Laurient Sur Mer and moved on to occupy a cluster of abandoned German fox-holes dug in a lovely Normandy orchard. It was here that the 107th spent its first night in France and made its acquaintance with "Bed-check Charlie" who came over nightly to bomb and strafe.

*"Hell, this sure is no dry run", the men muttered as they were awakened by the sputter of Jerry machine guns and the terrific racket made by our answering Ack-Ack batteries.* Yes, the presence of a deadly and still very powerful enemy could be sensed all around. An enemy that was striving with all his cunning, fanaticism, and technical skill to maim and kill the greatest possible number of Americans. **To shorten the lists of the dead, to restore to health and minimize the suffering of our buddies was to be our great job and great opportunity.**

The following day the hospital equipment and transportation had not yet come ashore. Since there was nothing in the book about how to operate a hospital without equipment, it was decided to divide the personnel into 4 groups and place them on temporary duty with the 2nd, 5th, 24th and 44th Evac Hospitals. These were the medical installations supporting the big push on St. Lo. A breakthrough at St. Lo. would make possible an enlargement of the 60 mile beachhead and a drive into the center of France. But this was tough hedgerow country, the going was mighty rugged, and the casualties painfully high. So the personnel of 107th pitched in with the job of saving lives and easing the pain of thousands of Yanks taking part in the final battle of the beachhead. Many were at first shocked and nauseated by the sight of blood and mangled bodies. It was not tears and sympathy the wounded needed but quick and skillful treatment. The stoical behavior of the wounded was a great



**Arrival at First  
Combat Station  
St. Sauveur  
Le Vicomte,  
France.**



surprise. No complaining or whimpering, but amazing self-control and cooperation was the rule.

It was in these first few days of handling actual battle casualties that invaluable experience was obtained which was to be put to use a few days later when the 107th started operating its own hospital.

The equipment and transportation finally arrived. The four groups were reassembled and on July 16th set out for St. Sauveur Le Vicomte. Along the way the convoy passed an area which had been the main battle ground between the invading and defending forces. Such towns as Isygnny and Carenton had been through such a devastating bombardment that one of the enlisted men wrote to his wife, "Dear Marge. You can get on your knees and overlook the entire town." The few French civilians that remained seemed to be in a stupor, living like rats in cellars and shanties built from the rubble of their homes. Some still kept asking, "Will this be another Dieppe? Are you going to stay this time?"

## **ON OUR OWN — THE FIRST COMBAT STATION**

Two days later the 107th established its first combat station in the near-by village of Le Defant. From now on the organization was on its own. *"How will we make out? Has our training prepared us for the situations we shall now encounter?"*

With these disturbing thoughts in mind the men and women got down to work unpacking the equipment and setting up the hospital. Within two hours after the engineers had finished de-mining the area a teeming little tent city had sprung up.

The first patient was received at 1010 on July 18, the first of 25,000 to go through this hospital in its operations in the ETO. It was a date to remember. At first there was a little hesitation. With more and more ambulances rolling in, the hospital soon shifted into high gear and proceeded to function with creditable smoothness and efficiency. A steady, unending stream of patients poured into Receiving, through the X-Ray tent, into the operating theatre and on to the post-operative wards.

At the first possible opportunity all patients were evacuated to the rear. Every section and every man and woman, functioned with the confidence and selfpossession of a veteran of many campaigns. It spoke well for the type of training and leadership the unit had received.

The hospital opened up as a First Army installation supporting the stubborn hedgerow fighting around St. Lo. and La Haye du Puits. Two weeks later when it received orders to close down, the hospital was attached to the Third Army which was gathering large numbers of men and tanks for the spectacular break-through at St. Lo. In its first two weeks of operation the hospital received 867 patients. The work was hard, the hours long but no one thought of complaining. The first hours of doubt and hesitation were gone. The feeling now was, "At least we've gotten over the first hurdle. We don't know what the future has in store for us, but the performance of our team in the first inning gives us confidence that come what may, we'll be able to hold up our end."

## BREHAL — THE SECOND COMBAT STATION

The hospital took up its second combat station at Brehal in the beginning of August. This time the tents sprang up and the sections started functioning with much less confusion and greater speed. The hospital was now in support of one of the most crucial battles of the war. The First Army was given the task of punching a hole in the German defenses. Then the forces of "Blood and Guts" Patton were to pour through this gap. This was known in Headquarters language as operation "Cobra" and with its execution came a large flow of patients. One day as many as 300 patients arrived, and the strain of working on a 24 hour basis began to tell. Within a week 700 patients were admitted.

But pressure of the work was the least of their worries. "Bed-check Charlie" kept coming over nightly with a clock-like precision. If during the first few nights everyone dived for his steel at the sound of that halting buzz, within a few days, "Bed-check Charlie" was becoming a joking matter. But the Jerry planes were out on a grim mission. **Late one night a terrible explosion rocked the entire area and was followed by a series of**



smaller ones. The sky lit up for miles around. The German planes had connected with a nearby ordnance ammo dump where thousands of phosphorous bombs were stored. Within 15 minutes a truck arrived at the hospital loaded with the mutilated members of a colored Ordnance crew.

Little did one expect that at a time when the hospital was full of patients it would be ordered to move. Such orders did come through at midnight of August 9th. Every man and woman worked right through the night evacuating patients, tearing down tents and loading the equipment. The chief concern was whether the Luftwaffe would be able to spot the hospital area where so many were working with flashlights. Working into the early hours of the morning the men soon forgot "Bed-check Charlie" and with the dawn of day the 107th was ready for one of its biggest and most exciting leaps forward.

## THE GREAT BREAK-THROUGH

*"Like a bat out of hell"*. That's how the men described the impetus with which General Patton's armor broke out of the small Normandy beachhead.

With the capture of Avranches, at the foot of the Cherbourg Peninsula, one Third Army spearhead turned east and raced towards Paris. Another task force, led by the 4th and 6th Armored Divisions, was given the job of cleaning up the Brittany peninsula. It was in support of the latter task force that the 107th now moved. In the preceding three weeks the hospital barely moved 20 miles, but in three days it now dashed ahead 200 miles.

Driving close on the heels of the armored spearheads the 107th sped past the towns of Lessay, Periers and Coutances, scenes of dogged and bloody hedgerow fighting. The pungent stench of rotting flesh was enough to make one vomit. Everywhere were signs of horrible desolation. Churned cemeteries with bones scattered along the roadside. In Coutances a 1000 pound cow was blown 75 feet into the air and hung on the limbs of a tree. Crowds of rejoicing, cheering Frenchmen greeted the convoy as it drove through towns and villages.

Turning west into the Brittany peninsula the 107th convoy found itself in a rather perilous but nevertheless amusing predicament. The task of the armored spearheads driving through Brittany was to disorganize the German defenses in the center; to by-pass the enemy strong points and leave it to the infantry to clean up these pockets. On August 6th the 6th Armored Division reached a hill overlooking the Port of Brest. Then it about-faced and drove out of the peninsula. Thus the 107th convoy, as it raced up the Brittany peninsula, was passing through towns which had not yet been reached by the infantry. Driving through sniper infested roads

the trucks and ambulances would often enter a town on the very heels of the fleeing "supermen".

*The triumphal sweep of the 107th reached its zenith with a hysterical welcome by the inhabitants of Landerneau, the last big town before Brest. These medics were the first group of Americans to reach the city. These were the liberators the Bretons had waited for during those dreadful years of Nazi occupation. The stirring scenes as these exultant crowds greeted their liberators, the flow of cider into dust choked throats, the flowers and cheers, all this was enough to make these begrimed and exhausted medics forget their three sleepless nights and overwhelm them with emotion. "These Frenchmen have gone mad", the boys pretended nonchalance, though tears filled their eyes and chills ran up and down their spines.*

*"Vive Roosevelt, Vive Les Americaines", the Frenchmen shouted. "Long Live DeGaulle, Long Live New Bedford, Long Live Watertown", some of the Yankees shouted back.*

## THE "BRASSIERE BOYS" — CONTAINING BREST

The hospital took up its third combat station in the vicinity of Brest, just outside the town of Ploudaniel. By midnight of August 11 a considerable number of doughboys, German PWs and French civilians had been received.

At first the casualties were light. The 6th Armored Division had stuck its nose into the outskirts of Brest and then departed, leaving behind a small force to contain the German garrison of Brest. The besieged outnumbered the Americans who besieged them by at least ten to one.

It soon became apparent that Brest was not going to be taken without a struggle. Gen. Ramcke, a fanatical Nazi had a force of 40,000 men, the



**In Support of Siege  
of Brest. Hospital  
Set-Up at  
Ploudaniel, France.**



**Patients and Medics  
at USO Show.**



backbone of his strength being the 2nd Paratroop Division. For provisions there were large underground depots of food and ammunition. Protecting Fortress Brest were numerous belts of pill boxes and strong points as well as a wall 20 feet deep surrounding the entire city.

During their month's stay at this location life flowed on as comfortably as possible under combat conditions. Passes began to be issued. Many went souvenir hunting. Others became acquainted with Brittany cider, calvados and whatever cognac had eluded the ravaging Germans. Visits were being made to the surrounding towns. Some walked. Others, who hitched a ride on passing FFI vehicles, which dashed along like a combination roller coaster and loop the loop, forever swore off such expedients. With regular movies at the Red Cross tent for patients and hospital personnel, current events discussions, USO shows, 2nd Division band programs, baseball

**Doughbuts & Coffee  
Red Cross  
Clubmobile.**



games and church services the hospital settled into a routine in which the strain and boredom was considerably relieved. As welcome as all else was the arrival of 20 PWs to take over the onerous KP duties.

But none of these activities could compensate for the anxiety occasioned by the failure of the mail to come through for quite some time. Nor could they still the growing impatience and restlessness of men bogged down in a backward sector of the front while the allied armies were sweeping onto Paris.

At the beginning of September the VIII Corps, which the 107th was supporting, began building up a powerful striking force for an all out assault on Brest. It was feared that large German forces might attempt to escape from the city and get across the narrow waterway into Crozan to organize a last ditch defense. Hence a task force was dispatched to Crozan which the 107th was assigned to support.



Oil Painting of Operating Tent During Busy Days at Brest.

## ON CROZAN — FINISHING THE JOB

Moving over by motor shuttle the entire unit was assembled by midday of September 13th and before long the little gypsy camp was thrown up at Port Launay near the picturesque and charming little town of Chautelin. The 107th was now transferred to the Ninth Army. Towards evening the 1st Sgt's whistle was heard through the camp. "*Special formation, drop what you'r doing and double time.*" Col. Daine arrived to address the expectant gathering. "*Men, you have just completed two months of operation under combat conditions. I consider your performance as excellent. I am convinced that this unit is second to none.*"



The ceremonies were concluded with the distribution of liquor rations. And then back to work.

With the arrival of 4 auxiliary surgical teams the following day, it became apparent at once that a major action was in the offing. Furiously busy days were ahead.

Things were now moving to a head. The battle for Brest was entering its sixth week. What was to have been a short, whirlwind campaign developed into a slow, grinding, slugging match. Brest had become a dangerous pocket far to the rear of our armies now racing for the German border.

"Will we be fooling around here 'containing Brest' long after 'Blood and Guts' enters Berlin?" This was the big question in all latrine and chow line discussions.

Before starting his all out assault on Brest, Major General Middleton, Commanding the VIII Corps, dispatched a message to Gen. Ramcke in which he stated, **"Your men have fought well ... Your command has fulfilled your obligation to your country... I am calling upon you as one professional soldier to another to cease the struggle now in progress."**

When Gen. Ramcke's negative answer was received, General Middleton turned to his doughboys: **"LET'S TEAR THEM APART AND GET THE JOB FINISHED!"**

They did. By September 18th Fortress Brest had fallen.

But the great elation that followed was tempered by the fact that the Brest campaign was not yet over. Much remained to be done by doughboy and medic in the next ten days. The infantry still had to mop up on Crozan. Busiest of all were the medics of the 107th. All hospital facilities were swamped. Not only were hundreds of GIs but close to a thousand PWs brought in as our troops overran several enemy medical installations. Most of them had received previous definitive treatment, but there were surprisingly high numbers of amputated arms and legs and many neglected wounds. Also many liberated GIs were admitted suffering from malnutrition and associated ailments after being kept for many weeks on a diet of black bread and shrapnel spiced soup. (The soup was made with meat from horses killed by artillery.)

It was a short and hectic period. After closing the books the Registrar's office reported 1,557 admissions.

Being the first Evacuation Hospital to arrive in the Brest Area the 107th supported nearly all the units participating in this campaign. Among the larger units might be listed: 2nd, 8th and 29th and 83d Infantry Divisions, and the 6th Armored Division.



**Hospital Facilities  
swamped with arrival  
of 1000 wounded  
PWs.**



**The Americans treat all wounded  
alike.**

**Hospital  
Set-Up  
at Crozan  
Peninsula.**





In the months to come the 107th supported many bigger campaigns but only during the early days of Rundstedt's counter-offensive did it feel the same complete responsibility for medical support.

The time had now come for the hospital to take up its combat station in the great battle for Germany.

## A TOUR OF THREE COUNTRIES VIA THE 'RED BALL EXPRESS'

Towards the end of September the 107th departed from Brittany. The convoy, consisting of 69 vehicles, began its 700 miles voyage across the center of France. After a 150 mile drive there was a bivouac near Rennes and after another 12 hour drive, a stop-over at Chartres.



**Beginning 700 mile trek from Brittany to Luxemburg.**

The great moment had arrived which all had so fervently looked forward to: a glimpse of Paris. But dreams and reality are not always the same. It was night time. All one could see were the big somber blacked-out buildings and a few couples walking arm in arm. A short stop on the outskirts of the city, then the command, "Back to the trucks", and Paris was behind us.

During this hop, the biggest in its history, the 107th traveled from 1600 hours until 0200 hours or later so as to free the highway in day time for the "Red Ball Express". Our armies were eating up millions of gallons of gasoline daily. Great stores of material piled up at French and Belgian



Nurses breaking camp  
Suippes, France.

ports. Large masses of infantry headed for the Siegfried Line had to be brought up mainly in trucks. Thus the unit moved along mostly at night, bivouacking and sleeping during the mornings.

At the last bivouac, near Suippes, a formation was called. The CO addressed his men and women. "Your job as liberators is now over. Pretty soon you will be coming as conquerors, surrounded by a hostile population. From now on I want you to watch your step; to be especially careful. May I again express my hope that none of you will be separated from your dog tags."

The convoy started on its last lap. It was the fourth night on the road. It had rained steadily for the previous few nights. Draped as they were in blankets over ODs and fatigues, the men shivered as the cold wind

whipped through the canvas of the trucks and the never ending drizzle "ate" into their very bones. "We come as conquerors". Somehow this phrase kept cropping up in all conversations as the men and women conjured up the most frightful pictures of desperate snipers in every tree top and fanatical Nazis all around them. The poor medics have nothing but their Red Cross brassard with which to meet these furies.

Such jitters were by no means allayed as the convoy began driving past the Compagnie battlefields, the final resting place for so many thousands of Americans who took part in the last war. For endless miles not a single farm house was to be seen in this military zone. All too frequently there was row upon row of little white crosses on either side of the road. Only the cratered, shell pocked earth, the trenches and underground tunnels where millions of men fought and died so that the First World War might be the last.

Soon the blacked-out convoy, driving in the rain, began passing the freshly liberated Belgian and Luxemburg towns and villages. While the greetings were not as hysterical as in Brittany there were plenty of people on hand to shout, "*Vive Nos Liberators-Thank you Americans. Long Live*

*Liberty.*" In the Luxemburg towns the most common slogans were, „*Mir wolle bleibe wat mir sin*" (we want to remain what we are) and *Lebe Roosevelt und Grossherzogin Charlotte.*"

In the early morning hours of October 1st the convoy at last reached its destination: a wind-swept hill, 12 miles northeast of Bastogne. The 50,000 vehicle miles were completed without an accident of any kind, which was a feather in the cap of the "Greasy 27".

## WINTERIZING IN THE LUXEMBURG MUD

The hospital had to be set up and ready for patients by 1800 hours, the day of arrival. So the groggy, bleary-eyed crew, drawing upon its last bit of energy, plunged into the job with a real determination. At scheduled time the tent city was up. It was set on a high hill near a planted pine forest and overlooked the wide expanses of the lovely Luxemburg countryside. The enlisted men pitched their pup tents inside the forest. The rains came down, day in and day out. Within a week the mud became so deep and the roads so impassable that the engineers had to be called upon to build a gravel road.

"What's going to happen to us now? Are we going to remain in this God-forsaken mud-hole?" There was a fierce debate on this question. Some said we'll keep right on going. Others thought that we would winterize and start up again in the Spring. One silly question which no one bothered asking was how about the German divisions facing us a stone's throw across the border? Will they winterize too?

Having failed to outflank the Siegfried Line with the air-borne operation launched at Arnheim, Holland on September 17th the nature of the fighting now changed to one of applying steady pressure all along the fortified Roer and in the Hurtgen Forests, known to the doughboys as the 'death factory'. The Nazis were selling space for time and were determined to exact the greatest possible price. A steady stream of battle casualties kept coming in, but a large portion of the patients were sick with respiratory diseases and there was a growing number of trench foot casualties.

Many of these admissions were from the hospital personnel. The ceaseless drop of rain through the tall black pines; the life in the cold and damp pup tents; the mud, ankle deep and then knee deep. Mud on ones clothes, in the food, on the blankets. All this proved a bit more rugged than many a constitution could endure. Again the engineers came to the rescue and began erecting a building from prefabricated German barracks. By the middle of November Receiving, Registrar, X-ray, Surgery and



## EVERYDAY LIFE IN LUXEMBURG MUD

**A Midnight Snack.**



**Keeping Clean.**

**A Little game of Blackjack.**



**The railsplitter.**

part of the Ward section moved into these barracks. The personnel remained in their tents or lived in one of the many log cabins that sprang up in the pine woods.

*These were hard and hateful days. More and more of the unit personnel were being admitted into the hospital. The days moved by so slowly. Another Thanksgiving arrived. "Now what's there to be thankful for?", the men asked "When a guy gets up in the morning with enough ambition to wash and shave in the icy water only to find the lister bag frozen and then have to build a fire to thaw it out. Or when a fellow tries to find his pup tent in the woods in total black-out and slips into a water filled foxhole and has to go to sleep dripping with mud." "What's there to be thankful for," complained a ward boy, "when the only time your feet are dry is when you stand up on the stove." Thus the boys continued to gripe and beef as they ate their turkey and trimmings.*



**Lt. Col. Reid-Mission Completed.**

And yet the morale of the unit remained surprisingly high. The men knew all too well how much they had to be thankful for; namely, not being among the doughboys who came into the hospital, their bodies mutilated by the terrible treeburst, the screaming meemies and 88s. They were mighty thankful for not being in the shoes of the men who came in with feet swollen like balloons after standing knee deep in water in their fox-holes and not removing their shoes for 2 and 3 weeks at a stretch. Yes, there was plenty to be thankful for; above all for the life still in us (while so many GIs lay buried in the mud), and the hope that some day all this would be a distant memory, to be repeated every Thanksgiving day as the family gathers around the fire place.

Towards the end of November "Bed-check Charlie" became a frequent visitor. But this time something new had been added. With him came the buzz bombs. One could sit in his pup tent and see these rockets rise and sputter through the sky. On certain days they kept coming over every 20 or 30 minutes. And at such times in everyones heart there was a prayer that they shouldn't stop sputtering. Many did come down only a few miles away.

The never-to-be  
forgotten  
Luxemburg mud.



1st Sgt. Southard and Daisy Mae.



Lt. Mateljan.





## “THEY CAN’T COME THROUGH THOSE MOUNTAINS”

About this time all the patients were evacuated. The personnel moved into the German barracks and life became a bit more comfortable, too comfortable to last long. An advance party was dispatched to Caserne, near Aachen, to find a new hospital site. When they came back with a negative report it was decided on December 16 to unload all supplies and equipment, and return the trucks borrowed for this anticipated move. Were we settling down for a long stay?

The Special Service Officer reassembled his chorus of Officers, Nurses and Enlisted Men and resumed practice of Christmas carols.

*“Guess we’ll be stuck in this mud-hole till the spring”*, all disputants admitted resignedly. *“And its only December 16 now.”* To which people in the know added that we could afford to do so quite safely even though there were very few American troops in this sector. The Nazis couldn’t possibly attack through the impassible Ardennes that lay between us. Medical and Surgical teams were organized and placed on detached service with the 44th and 67th Evacuation Hospitals at Malmedy, Belgium. Thus the little tent city, amidst the rolling hills and ghostly grandeur of the Ardennes forest, prepared to hibernate for the winter.

At 2230 warning orders were received for movement. The transportation officer was sent to draw 30 trucks from First Army (to which the hospital was assigned October 22nd). Things began to happen fast.

## THE BATTLE OF THE ARDENNES IS ON!

Throughout the day of December 16th one could hear the distant crump of shell fire, seemingly getting louder by the hour. “Sheer imagination”, some said, but before long the lethargic atmosphere became charged with electric tension. Early the next morning the personnel was awakened by the 1st Sgt. Instead of his usual calm, gentle, gravel-like voice, he said very excitedly: **“Get the hell out of bed, throw your cots on the trucks, grab some chow and be ready to move at a moment’s notice.”** The shelling had become very intense. The sky was lit up with the flash of artillery, search lights and Ack-Ack fire.

Soon reports started coming in about street fighting in Clervaux, 3½ miles away. Stragglers were now streaming in with the most horrible tales. Some had just escaped across the Our river after Jerry paratroopers in US uniform swooped down on their batteries. *“The Kraut is*

*taking no prisoners*", they replied to a question as to what happened to the rest of the battery.

Now came the most unbearable hours of all: hours of waiting for transportation to arrive; waiting while the shells were crashing all around, while the unit faced the imminent danger of being engulfed by the Nazi tide. At last, after 5 hours of waiting, the trucks arrived and the 107th departed at noon. Staying behind was a detail to take care of part of the equipment. Their stay was cut short when a lone tank rolled up and the tankman shouted from his turret, "This is positively the last GI vehicle. The Jerries are right on my tail. You fellows better clear out."

The convoy headed for Chateau Roumont, 2 miles southeast of Libin, Belgium. "*At least we're moving somewhere,*" commented one of the jokers, "*even if it took the Jerries to pry us loose from the Luxemburg mud.*"

The battle for the Ardennes was on. The 107th was to undergo its severest test. Never before or since was the going so tough. Somehow the 107th always seemed to be in the very thick of things. That the leadership and each and every man and woman faced this supreme test and came through with flying colors is now history.

## CHATEAU ROUMONT

Late that afternoon the 107th arrived at the palatial hunting lodge of the Chateau with its elaborate grounds,<sup>1</sup> mirrored walls, gilded chandeliers and magnificent marble stairways. The poor litterbearers (and practically every able-bodied man gave a hand) who hauled the wounded up those 4 flights would gladly have traded all this splendor for a second hand elevator. Day and night these men labored hauling the wounded to the wards and to the operating theatre set up in the rose and pearl gray banquet hall.

The hospital began receiving patients at midnight. The building's capacity was 250. Before long 450 wounded were crowded in and more kept coming all the time.

Wounded were pouring in from all armies and all sectors of the front. The confusion was great. Commanding Officers came to the hospital looking for members of their units and enlisted men came looking for their COs. "*What divisions is your hospital supporting*", a stray Major asked the Registrar. (Normally the hospital supported between two and four divisions) "*Christ, looks like you're supporting all the divisions of all the Armies of the United Nations,*" he exclaimed as he looked over that day's records of admissions.

One platoon of the 42nd Field Hospital arrived at the hospital minus all their equipment. The other platoon had been surrounded at Wiltz.

As ever more units were being overrun more stragglers were appearing in the 107th chow line. Reports kept coming of rampant Nazis appearing in groups on the highways surrounding the hospital, — ravaging and killing whoever came along.

But the 107th personnel, working 24 hours a day without let up, was too busy to worry about all these reports. True all contact with army was severed and it was rumored that for ten days the hospital was listed as missing. Right now the 107th wasn't concerned about these reports or about Army connections. Being the only Evacuation Hospital so far forward in the fighting zone, the sole concern of these dog-tired medics was to face their additional responsibilities in as calm and courageous a manner as did the doughboys on the line.

The Commanding Officer seemed to be at all places at all times, but he particularly worked with the operating theatre where 388 operations were performed in an 80 hour period.

Although the number of operations does not seem spectacular, a review of the statistics reveals a much greater volume of very serious operations were performed than at any other period. There especially was a large number of abdominal, chest, maxillo-facial, brain and serious extremity cases. This is understandable when it is realized most of the casualties came directly from the Battalion Aid Stations, since the chain of medical evacuation was greatly disrupted.

At times it almost seemed as if the unit would crack under the terrific strain but the enormous pressure, fear and tension only welded the personnel together even more firmly, single in purpose and spirit.

Men worked 12 hours at their usual assignment and then continued to work as litter-bearers for hours more. Officers carried litters. No one slept if they could help in some way. The mess personnel fed more than 1500 people at each meal. The spirit was magnificent.

News arrived that the 101st Airborne had been surrounded and that Bastogne had fallen. On December 21st, just when it appeared as if the hospital was beginning to emerge from this chaos, a message arrived that Nazi patrols were observed a few miles down the road heading for the hospital. It was no longer possible to ignore the fact that at any moment a bunch of Nazi paratroopers might walk in the front door.

*"Clear out in ten minutes,"* came the order. *"Everything, yes everything but what you can carry on your back must be left behind."* All patients that could be moved were speedily loaded on ambulances and trucks. Volunteers were needed to care for those that could not be moved. On all sides hands went up. *"Do you realize what it means?"* they were cautioned. Yes, they



did and all hands went up again. No one was thinking of being a hero. Just doing ones duty. Of the 400 patients in the hospital 300 were evacuated further to the rear and the rest were carried in ambulances to the hospital's next location.

## THE ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL AT CARLSBURG

The caravan of assorted vehicles jolted to a halt at the St. Joseph's School in Carlsburg, Belgium at noon of Dec 21. The hospital was at once opened to the patients awaiting admission from the clearing station as well as the hundred patients carried along in our convoy. The men were hungry and thirsty, but no one could drink his precious water; all canteens went to the patients.



**Escaping from Von Rundstedt's Clutches. Unloading Patients at Carlsburg, Belgium, after hasty withdrawal from Chateau Roumont.**

There was one consoling thought: at least they were away from mortal danger. Then came the cry for volunteers to go back into the lion's den to salvage the rest of the equipment. Before long 50 men had boarded trucks and were heading back to the Chateau amid the flash of guns and the roar of the revitalized Luftwaffe. "Hell, that's one subject they never taught us in basic", the men kidded as their trucks dashed down the Nazi infested roads. Upon arrival at the Chateau the men witnessed the grim testimony of the timely get-away of the hospital. A German bomb had caved in part of the roof.



**L'Ecole De Textile,  
Hospital Site Sedan,  
France.**



**Important target of Luftwaffe.  
Bridge across Meuse River, Sedan, France.**

## **AT SEDAN-THE GATEWAY TO FRANCE**

No sooner had all the patients been unloaded at Carlsburg and most of the equipment assembled when the frightening news arrived that savage Nazi paratroopers had broken through in this area and were killing and looting as they went along. This was the time of the Malmedy massacre. At noon of the 22nd of Dec. orders arrived to proceed at once to Sedan, that ancient fortress city of France. Arriving towards evening the men were greeted with the news that the Germans were 20 miles away and

advancing towards Sedan as the gateway to France and one of the most important communications centers. The men and women were too exhausted to worry any longer.

The personnel was quartered at the College Turenne and the hospital was set up at the Textile School then occupied by the FFI. Before long patients started rolling in a steady stream. A block or so from the hospital was an important bridge spanning the Meuse River, and about 200 yards to the left of this bridge was the College Turenne. The Luftwaffe had orders to 'get that bridge', and came over nightly to bomb and strafe it and everything else along the way. A heavy concentration of Ack Ack would answer. As this grim nightly duel commenced our battlewise patients would dive under their beds. This situation was particularly hard on the men suffering from combat exhaustion, and there were many such among the 1200 patients that were brought into the hospital after the siege of Bastogne was lifted.

Christmas came and went, hardly noticed by the men absorbed in the great drama of the Bulge. The only things that might be associated with Christmas were the jeep shows being put on in each ward, a fine turkey dinner and a brief session of Christmas carols. It was also the occasion of the transfer of the 107th back to the Third Army, with which it finished out the war.

Christmas presents? There was one which thrilled everyone as nothing else could have done. Clear skies for our air force! Those big clumsy C-47s flying supplies to the besieged men at Bastogne, those fleets of mighty bombers roaring over the Sedan skies to settle accounts for Malmedy; to us they seemed like avenging angels on an overdue mission of retribution.

Even New Years Day might have slipped by unnoticed had it not been for the intervention of the Luftwaffe. On New Years night all off-duty personnel had crowded into the mess hall to see a Frankie Sinatra movie. It was bitterly cold outside and everyone tried to generate as much heat as possible.

While the audience was watching a news-reel of the bombing of Helsinki, the bombing suddenly seemed too realistic. The projection machine crashed to the floor. Glass and shrapnel scattered all over the place. After a deafening crash came a series of smaller explosions. A Jerry bomber had dropped some 50 anti-personnel bombs. Everyone threw dignity to the winds and dove under the tables. Before anyone dared to rise 'Bed-check Charlie' was back. This time one could hear the sputtering of his machine guns as they cut a path across the mess hall windows and poured a hail of bullets into the crowded hall. Despite the fear in the hearts of those men and women,



outwardly everyone was calm and collected. In the operating theater the surgeons, technicians and nurses remained at their stations and continued to work. It was truly a miracle that so few casualties resulted, since only one man was seriously wounded and five slightly wounded.

## THE 107<sup>TH</sup>'S TOUGHEST MONTH

That Von Rundstedt's all or nothing gamble was lost became quite clear toward the middle of January. The Bulge had now been compressed to a small area and was fast disappearing. The days of the "Road Back" were over. Once again the doughboys were swinging into the offensive. And this time they had many a score to settle.

But defensive or offensive, a heavy stream of casualties continued to pour in. And when on the 15th of January the hospital closed its doors at Sedan, it had completed the busiest month in its history. It had cared for 2700 patients.

*It was also the 107th's most exciting and exacting month of operation. A month of great hardships gallantly endured; of heroic deeds performed in a modest and unassuming manner. The conduct of this group of American men and women was not only a tribute to them as individuals and as an organization but reflected great credit on the Medical Service of the U. S. Army.*

At this time speculation was rife among officers and enlisted men about the possibilities of a unit citation for the excellent work it had performed during the trying days just ended. Especially so since the 107th was among the few medical units that even when the danger of being over-run by the enemy was imminent, was able to move patients, personnel and equipment without outside assistance and continue to function. But here fate was to play one of its nasty tricks.

## WE RESUME THE OFFENSIVE

The Battle of the Bulge, despite the temporary advance of the enemy, resulted in the destruction of two of their panzer armies, the best they had. Much of the armor which survived our aerial blows was rushed eastward to meet the most devastating of all Russian offensives. Our armies now resumed their advance and it was time for the 107th to move up with the advance. The first forward move in 3 months was completed Jan 21st when the hospital arrived at Hachy, Belgium and set up in St. Joseph's College, formerly used by the Nazis as a headquarters.

The building was in a deplorable condition. Much work and time was put in cleaning it up. But polishing rusty iron won't make it shine

like stainless steel, nor will mopping the floor straighten out the warped boards. Thus the unsuitable housing as well as a certain let-down after a ten weeks period of intense strain made the afternoon of Feb 22nd an ideal time for an Army inspection. An inspection did take place and by no less a person than the Third Army Surgeon. The informal greeting of a ward-man didn't help matters, "*Hi ya Colonel, What can I do for you?*" As a result, the unit did not receive what it considered was due credit for its previous outstanding accomplishments.

Compared to the previous phase, the stay at Hachy might be considered a breathing spell. During this period the organization took stock of the



**First Presentation of Bronze Star Medals, Hachy, Belgium.**

past. It noted those individuals whose performance was outstanding during those crucial days. Bronze Stars were awarded to a number of officers and enlisted men.

Nevertheless the influx of patients was considerable. So much so that a number of ward tents had to be pitched in the court yard to accommodate the overflow. There was a particularly large number of patients suffering from trench foot and frost-bite. This was one of the after-effects of the rugged life of the doughboys, fighting in mud and sleet and snow to halt and then reverse Von Rundstedt's steam roller. Thus 2300 patients passed through the hospital at Hachy.

Busy days were nothing new to the 107th and while accommodating the considerable flow of sick and wounded the organization was able to resume some of the luxuries of military service, such as passes. Many went to the large nearby town of Arlon in search of souvenirs, champagne and other things... A feeling of great optimism now developed as the radio

continued booming news of smashing victories on the eastern and western fronts. Yes, the allied armies were again on the march and Jerry didn't seem to have enough left to stop them.

## ON GERMANY'S DOORSTEP — DIEKIRCH

The entire front from Holland to Swizerland was now moving forward and the 1st of March found the 107th also joining the advance. The hospital moved into the once charming city of Diekirch and set up in the Luxemburg State School, the only building in town to escape serious damage. The unit was now supporting the XIII Corps which was blasting its way through the Siegfried Line and pushing on towards the Moselle Triangle.



**The Last Stop Before Germany. Luxemburg State School, Diekirch, Luxembourg.**



It was at Diekirch that Major Rex Trusler, MAC joined the organization, soon to be appointed its Executive Officer and destined to play a principle part in directing the unit's affairs.

It was here that "lucky" Noah Gome's name was pulled out of a hat. He was to go home on a 30 day furlough. No greater joy could be given to any GI than to set his feet on U.S. soil.

And finally it was at Diekirch that EVAC EVENTS, the very popular unit weekly publication was launched by the officers and enlisted men, which so truly reflected the trials and tribulation, the joys and sorrows of the 107th family.

In its very first issue, Professor Thibeau of the Luxemburg State School, who was of such great help in readying the building for the hospital, gave genuine expression to the gratitude felt by the liberated people towards the Americans. He wrote: *"The town is bleeding from a thousand wounds but with the help of God and our friends we shall construct a new and peaceful Diekirch. It's good to breathe and to work in a free house, battered and broken though it may be."*

After ministering to 1500 doughboys at this station the hospital received orders to move into "Fortress Germany."

## ON GERMAN SOIL — AT LAST

The middle of march was the period of lightning advances. Within four days Third Army units advanced 55 miles to where the Rhine and Moselle Rivers meet at Coblenz. Numerous large pockets of Germans were left behind. As the 107th convoy left Diekirch and at long last moved



Passing the Siegfried Line with its dragon teeth and numerous strongpoints.

on to German soil it was met by a staggering scene of devastation. Vianden was the first town after crossing the border. It was still smouldering with a smell of death. A few gutted walls and heaps of rubble was all that remained of a once thriving town. It was the same story in Bitburg, Kyllburg and other towns passed along the way. White flags in the form of towels, table cloths and negligees fluttered from the few remaining Gasthouses, farms and church towers.

After driving past this havoc and the Siegfried Line with its dragon teeth and numerous strong points, it felt good to be again out in the countryside green with early spring. *"This country reminds me of the Berkshires in Connecticut"*, said Jake, *"These people have a nice country, then why in God's name don't they stay there."* The convoy passed a railroad station. Just one wall remained standing. On it were splashed in big red letters such slogans as "Wheels must roll for victory." "Victory or Siberia." The sign that brought the biggest laugh was, "We shall never surrender", because just at that time a convoy of trucks rolled by packed with a few hundred PWs. These were just a small droplet of the millions of Krauts who were paying no heed to the "Never Surrender" signs.

## MAYEN — FIRST COMBAT STATION IN GERMANY

On the 16th of March the convoy halted in front of an orphanage outside of Mayen, 15 miles west of Coblenz on the Rhine. Upon arrival the hospital was faced with a serious dilemma. According to the non-frat rules GIs and civilians were not to occupy the same building. As our convoy pulled up in front of the orphanage the whole group of pathetic looking kids faced the convoy. They looked like any other motherless kids. How can we throw them out? They were finally moved to nearby temporary quarters but were allowed to retain the use of their chapel, bakery and other essential rooms.

Pockets of Germans were still holding out a short distance to the northwest and south of the hospital site. The crack of rifle and machine gun fire, the wham of sniper bullets kept up for some time. Every morning exactly 9AM bombers would come over and drop their loads at the foot of the mountain where a large pocket was holding out. The earth quivered for miles around and the area would be blackened with geysers of smoke. The pocket to the southwest was 15 square miles in size and it took the 89th Div about a week to clean it up.

At first the casualties were gratifyingly low. Great masses of Germans had been pinned against the Rhine and cut to pieces. Little effective resistance was encountered. But how high a price will we have to pay for



**Arriving at Orphanage, Mayen, Germany. Orphans stare as 107th moves in.**

the crossing of the Rhine? That was now the big question. Surely it would be at least as costly as the Roer crossing, many argued. When at Remagen a railroad bridge was found intact and crossed, the entire picture was changed. Many people drew the wrong conclusion from this windfall and decided that all German resistance could henceforth be discounted. When the 5th Infantry Div, without artillery or aerial preparation, attempted a surprise crossing of the Rhine below Coblenz it was the GIs who were surprised. Three successive bridges were constructed under fire and blown up by Jerry artillery or floating mines. Casualties were painfully high and the hospital was quite busy.

Life at Mayen was not without its diversions. A beautiful stream with plenty of trout was discovered near the orphanage. And the resultant fish



**First Hospital Site on German soil, Mayen.**



stories were of a unique character. Many of the 107th fishermen insist to this very day that the fish they caught had swastikas painted on their bellies.

At its first combat station in Germany the 107th received 2200 patients and supported such famous divisions as the 4th, and 11th Armored, the "Yankee" or 26th Infantry and the 28th Infantry.

During the last week in Mayen an impressive formation was held at which Certificates of Merit were awarded to the 31 men who during the Ardennes Offensive volunteered to stay behind and care for patients when the hospital was in imminent danger of being over-run. Also three nurses received Bronze Star medals for meritorious service against an enemy of the United States.

## A STOP-OVER AT KASSEL

This was no time for long stop-overs. The front was moving with breathtaking speed. 'Blood and Guts' had by now perfected the technique of shifting large forces in a rapid change of direction, leaving the enemy completely bewildered. After reaching Kassel in a lightning northern thrust the Third Army spearheads turned and lunged forward in a southerly direction. The 107th was ordered to proceed to Kassel and bivouac until it could be determined from the fluid condition of the front where medical support was most needed.

Early in April the 107th started its 180 mile jump to Kassel. The Rhine was crossed over what the engineers called the biggest tactical pontoon bridge in the world. As the trucks began to cross, GIs could be seen sitting in the field scanning the water with field glasses for floating mines. On April 8th the bulk of the hospital personnel and equipment had assembled at Kassel occupying the Nazi Flight Training School building. The move had been made with our own trucks and took four trips to complete. Orders



Uneasy moment while Crossing the Rhine. Trailer dips into river.

were to sit tight and wait. This situation gave the imagination free reign in anticipating the next move. Some had it on reliable authority that the unit was headed straight for Berlin. Others thought our destination was the Elbe for a junction with the Russians. Others still, smarting under the non-fraternization restrictions, indulged in the fond hope that it might be Czechoslovakia.

There wasn't a hospital to care for, so everyone (except the mess and motor pool sections) had a chance to relax, and relax they did with the help of wine "liberated" from a winery in Kassel. Also tours to Kassel were conducted and a chance was had to inspect the terrific bomb damage at close hand. All returned with a healthier respect for allied air power.

## LIBERATED AMERICANS AT LANGENSALZA

All latrine rumors were laid low when orders arrived to proceed some 45 miles to the southeast and set up at Thamsbruck, near Langensalza. The hospital was situated on the historic battleground where Prussia defeated Hanover and established her dominance over Germany with such fatal consequences for the entire world.

The main highway ran adjacent to the hospital and one could look out and see remnants of the Reichswehr trudging down the highway, singly or in pairs, some carrying white flags of surrender. Usually the doughboys were too busy to pay any attention to them.

At this station, battle casualties were slight. This didnt prevent the 107th from spending some extremely busy days. Its main occupation was with the vast numbers of released allied prisoners of war. Rapidly advancing US forces overran one prison camp after another. Most of the liberated prisoners were suffering from malnutrition and numerous connected ailments such as dysentery, cellulitis, and jaundice. They had to be deloused and then issued a complete new set of clothing. The hospital personnel had met the victims of Nazism of many nationalities. It was a common sight to see the French, Russians and Poles come in filthy, ragged and emaciated, but to see your own people reduced to the state where they were mere human shadows; to see Americans come in covered with lice, and hobbling along like old men; to meet some of the 28th Div men we had known four months earlier at Clervaux, their weight now reduced by a third, talking in whispers with the manner of a beaten dog; these things tore at your heart. They made you mad and just ripped to shreds the last bit of sympathy for the Germans.

The stories they told were hair raising. Accounts of GIs too weak to walk or work being clubbed to death. Stories about men suffering from trench foot and frostbite being forced by their captors to march hundreds of miles until the blood started coming through their shoes. To fall out of the march meant a roadside execution by the guards.

## BUCHENWALD-WHERE "YOU COME IN AT THE GATE AND LEAVE THROUGH THE CHIMNEY".

The stories these men related were but a mild foretaste of the unbelievable horrors the 107th personnel was to see a few days later when visiting the extermination factory at Buchenwald. Stories of Nazi frightfulness had been heard many times before, and were received with great skepticism. But there was no doubt left when officers and enlisted men saw with their own eyes the torture racks, the death cellar beneath the crematorium where men were clubbed into unconsciousness and cast into the flames. 51,000 human beings were reported to have died or been killed at Buchenwald. The shocking sight of piles of corpses stacked on carts like cordwood, left no doubt the reports were true. Many bodies showed the black and purple marks of torture preceding death.

Even more gruesome than the piles of tortured dead were those living skeletons with just a spark of life left, but with the certainty of death in a few days. One can never forget the sight of these pitiful human shadows or their accounts of how the SS guards would torment them by greeting all arrivals with, *"Welcome to Buchenwald, the place where you come in at the gate and leave through the chimney"*.

## MOVING IN FOR THE KILL

But the armies of Vengeance were sweeping forward and closing in on the mountain hide-out of Hitler, the evil genius of the most fiendish gang of criminals in all history.

On April 22 orders were received to move up in support of Patton's drive on Hitler's redoubt. After a short stop-over at Weiden, where there was boating, fishing and swimming in the Naab River which ran through the bivouac area, the 107th was ordered to proceed to Regensburg.

Rumors were flying thick and fast about the Nazis having thrown in the towel. But we were soon set straight when on the 28th the Luftwaffe strafed the road beside the bivouac area.



**On the Banks of  
the Naab River,  
Weiden, Germany.**



## **REGENSBURG — THE LAST COMBAT STATION**

At Regensburg the hospital was set up along the banks of the Regan River, a branch of the Danube. Rain caused the river to rise and there was some apprehension lest the hospital be washed out, but the river soon receded. The patients and hospital personnel took advantage of the ideal weather to swim, fish and boat and Regensburg will long be remembered because of this as one of the most pleasant locations in 107th history.

The end of the war now seemed close at hand, but how close? All calculations depended on whether the Nazis would be able to assemble a half million of their more fanatical followers into the large mountainous area of southeastern Germany and battle on to the death. With increased resistance at Passau, gateway to Berchtesgaden, some feared that the National Redoubt might be more than a myth. Taking no chances the allied command dispatched three armies, including the Third. Spear-heading the Pattonmen's drive was the 11th Armored followed by the 65th and 71st Inf. These troops made three crossings of the Danube at Regensburg and drove into the redoubt.

The 107th was now supporting the armies moving in for the kill. Many of the casualties came from the fighting around Passau. But there was also a varied assortment: victims of jeep accidents, GIs who shot themselves while fooling around with German weapons and German civilians getting shot up by their own mines.

In all, the hospital handled 1900 patients at its last combat station.

The story of Regensburg would be incomplete without mention of such major events as marriages which brought into our lonely lives, if only for a brief moment, the tenderness and joy of family life.

Nor should one overlook such an occasion as when Daisy Mae became a mother of five bouncing pups. Daisy had been with the outfit since Brest. So was Mike, the Headquarters dog and Calvados, adopted by Supply. Stormy arguments as to the paternity of this litter settled absolutely nothing, but resulted only in a truce to wait for signs of family resemblance as the pups grow up.

## PEACE COMES TO REGENSBURG

The long awaited, desperately hoped for news of V-E Day reached the 107th towards evening. The reaction was rather surprising. Some dismissed it as just another rumor. Others said, "So what? The only news that would get me excited is the one about me hitting the deck for home". And a patient commented, "So long as we still have to go to the CBI and clean up the Japs

**TWO DOWN  
ONE TO GO**

**Surgery**



**Laboratory, Pharmacy  
and Penicillin team.**

the war is still on so far as I am concerned". If V-E day turned out to be a day of sober thought rather than of exultation, there was nevertheless a great feeling of relief. At last the shooting and killing had stopped.

As it grew dark rifle fire was heard across the Regan. Before long the sound of machine gun and mortar fire could be heard. Tracer bullets were racing across the sky. "Was ist los?" A general uprising by the were-wolves? Oh no, just some of the triggerhappy GIs along the Danube deciding that with the war over they might as well get rid of their surplus ammo and celebrate V-E Day at the same time. The situation was soon brought under control when a message was received from Gen. Patton's headquarters, located in Regensburg, to the affect that, "*The old man is having a fit. Check all firearms. This nonsense has got to stop.*" Thus we ushered in VE Day.

## SWEATING IT OUT IN WURZBURG

What now? Army of Occupation? CBI? or Home? Col. Daine no doubt hit the spot when on the occasion of the second anniversary of the 107th he wrote in EVAC EVENTS, "The period that we are now beginning is going to be one of the roughest . . . calling for great patience and forbearance". But he promised that, "Everything possible will be done to keep you comfortable and happy".

During the last week of May the 107th was ordered to proceed to Wurzburg and begin to operate under Station Hospital conditions.

Arriving at Wurzburg the 107th personnel found the most comfortable home of its two years existence. It occupied a 1000 bed modern German military hospital, one of the few remaining structures of an otherwise pulverized and burned out town. It is frightening to contemplate that such a thorough destruction as experienced by Wurzburg was accomplished by the RAF in 18 minutes. Gauleiter Helmut, when called upon by the allied command to declare Wurzburg an open city, replied that the allies would never dare bomb a town in whose university Winston Churchill had studied. He got his answer soon enough.

At first it seemed as if one would get lost in the vastness of this 1300 room institution, but soon a homier feeling developed, no doubt helped along with the painting of the huge eagle and swastika dominating the front entrance. Even many Germans smiled at the Red, White and Blue adornment. Other Germans didn't like it. Everything was done to make life comfortable, as Col Daine had promised. The men even became familiar with the lost art of eating from chinaware to the accompaniment of a DP



Italian orchestra. Everyone pitched in to help beautify their new home and before many "beautification days" the lovely lawn and garden looked like green velvet.

Points began to be counted and recounted. Men with scores above 85 found the army was really going to send them home, and at intervals one or two high pointers left for that "promised land".

Softball became the hub of a highly exciting sports program, with games being played at Southard Field (named in honor of the popular 1st Sgt who was among the first to go home on points). Not only did a large section of the male personnel participate but even the nurses decided to come out of the cheering section and take a slug at that ball. Many a German civilian, passing Southard Field during an exciting contest, would stop and look on in astonishment, as those crazy Americans would yell their fool heads off. Then came volley ball, ping pong, swimming and other sports, all these activities culminating in a memorable Track and Field meet.

As for those too lazy to participate in any of the sports (and there were such) they could just seat themselves on one of the many sun-porches, and between gulps of good Wurzburg brau, proceed with calculations of the exact day and hour the boat would arrive to take them home.

A unit educational program was launched, with classes in foreign languages, science and the arts. A surprising number of officers, nurses and enlisted men began to take piano lessons or attend performances by talented German artists. Some of the nurses and enlisted men were lucky enough to be sent to civilian universities.

Clubs began to spring up. It all started with the officers club. Before long the NCOs and Pys organized even more elaborately decorated and furnished club rooms, while the Red Cross Recreation Hall for patients was one of the finest of its kind. These clubs with their bars and programs of entertainment soon became the center of social life.

## THE OLD GANG IS BREAKING UP

Despite all of this, it was a period of great restlessness; perhaps the most painful period in the history of the 107th. Desperately anxious as everyone was to get home yet one couldn't hear those words, "The 107th is breaking up" without a sinking feeling.

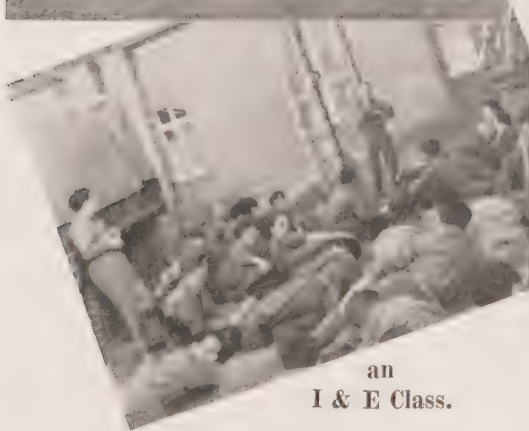
By the middle of June word was received that the 107th was classified in Category IV. Categories and points. This became the main topic of all conversation. When the news was first received many gave it the hopeful interpretation that we would all go home as a unit, but the sad realization

## "SWEATING IT OUT" IN WURZBURG, GERMANY

**Marienburg Fortress.**



**Softball game, Southard Field.**



**an  
I & E Class.**



**The Red Cross in Action.**

soon began to dawn that while the number '107' (with a new crew of 85 pointers )would go home, the old gang (averaging 64 points) would be distributed among many other units.

Now began days of waiting; waiting for the axe to fall. Days of farewell parties to the high pointers going home. Strangely enough the sorrow of

**"SWEATING IT OUT" IN WURZBURG, GERMANY**



**Officers and nurses  
on sun-porch.**



**Playing croquet.**



**Guzzling beer.**



**"Pinky" telling the umpire  
where to get off.**





being torn away from the bosom of the "good old 107th" seemed to outweigh the joy of going home. Two years of eating, working and enduring together; of sharing the joys of new found friendship and the weariness and hazards of army life, had welded a strong bond. More and more groups and individuals left and with every departure it was like tearing off another limb from a living, breathing organism.

The first week of August saw deep gashes in the body of the 107th. Groups of 20 and 30 at a time were being torn away. Yes, what everyone feared had become a reality. The old gang was breaking up.



**Farewell Party at NCO Club.**

When at this time the news of V-J Day burst upon the world the 107th was as full of patients as on V-E Day. Only this time it was operating without the help of a fourth of its experienced personnel. Anxiety about the CBI was gone, but many uncertainties still remained. The good US soil seemed so far, far away. And then there was still the army of occupation and the many perplexing problems of logistics, categories and points to worry about.

*No one knows what fate has in store for the individuals that comprise this family, or what new faces will come into the unit. One thing is certain: the memories of the 107th will live forever. Those wild New England youngsters in the blistering Florida sun; those dreary, depressing days of the Luxemburg mud; the terrible days of the Bulge when men and women grimly stuck to their job come hell or high water; and finally the period of "sweating it out" in Wurzburg. All these are memories that will live in tales to our children and grand children for the remainder of our lives.*

## AWARDS

*The Following Decorations and Citations Have Been Awarded  
To the Officers, Nurses and Enlisted Men of the  
107th Evacuation Hospital*



### PURPLE HEART

Capt. John J. McCallig  
S/Sgt Richard L. Burks  
T/4 Henry F. Danielli

T/5 Newell De Gray  
T/5 Donald Sylvia  
Pvt Albert T. Mazurek

### BRONZE STAR MEDAL

Lt. Col. Kenneth D. Grace  
Lt. Col. Howard S. Reid  
Major Sydney Ellis  
Major David C. Hazard  
Major James C. Whildin  
CWO Milo D. Ward

Capt. Elizabeth H. Hay  
1st Lt. Alta M. Berger  
1st Lt. Margaret L. Mohler  
1st Lt. Augusta L. Payne  
1st Lt. Mary C. Stein  
1st Lt. Helen R. Wilkie

1st Sgt. Kenneth S. Lundine  
T/Sgt Joseph L. Buffo  
T/Sgt Devere S. Keech  
S/Sgt George C. Aronis  
S/Sgt Joseph M. Nader  
S/Sgt Owen C. Reukauf

T/3 Clarence E. J. Arp  
T/3 Thomas H. Kennedy  
T/3 Rocco S. Vigna

### ARROW HEADS (Normandy Beach Landings)

Capt. Irving Ariel  
Capt. Abram B. Daniel  
Capt. John L. McCallig

T/3 John F. Bassett  
T/4 George S. Tavares.

## CERTIFICATES OF MERIT



**1st Sgt**  
Edward A. Southard

**T/Sgt**  
Irving Bashevkin  
E. J. Cross  
Reuben C. Gessele

**S/Sgt**  
George C. Aronis  
Richard L. Burks  
Forrest F. Constance  
Joseph C. Gallagher  
George P. Perchtolt  
Norbert H. Perry

**T/3**  
Reynold R. Alflen  
Edward E. Babineau  
John F. Bassett  
Carl Chadwick  
Robert E. Stanton  
James H. Surles  
Rocco S. Vigna

**Sgt**  
Carlos C. Bewley  
James E. Hallas

Erwin E. Hart  
Joseph M. Leal  
George W. Long  
Walter G. McEvoy  
Earl W. Ross

**T/4**  
Adelard F. Belanger  
Alec J. Bielawski  
Armand E. Bolding  
Ovid A. Bouley  
Oscar H. Boyson  
Morris Brenner  
John A. Briere Jr.  
Myron A. Carle  
Russell L. Champlin  
Walter C. Dear  
Earl C. Holmes  
Robert J. Hosley  
Robert T. Hoyt  
Herbert Hyde  
Arthur F. Jaqua  
Robert E. Knightly  
Giles T. Laughrea  
Isadore Lev  
Abraham Lifschin  
Albert T. Mastroianni

Rene E. Mayer  
Traymore Peterson  
John A. Shankin  
Richard A. Smith  
George S. Tavares  
Albert L. Vanasse  
Lowell F. Vosloh  
Allen S. Walker

**Cpl**  
Manuel Araujo  
Norman L. Bailey  
Alexander A. Cwalinski  
Robert E. Galipeau  
Francis G. Laliberte  
Hulon Myre  
Charles E. Sawyer

**T/5**  
Max Almendrez  
Charles A. Bisol  
Otis M. Bond  
Harold W. Bonneville  
Michael Botelho  
Alan G. Bradford  
Paul T. Byrne  
Glen L. Carr



Martin Chancey  
 Herbert C. Christenson  
 Albert Cipolla  
 Paul Cohen  
 Everett Correia  
 Norman E. Cote  
 R. J. Cote  
 Richard W. Dankert  
 William R. Ford  
 Robert W. Frisbie  
 Alfred F. Hains  
 Edward J. Haor  
 Edward T. Krisak  
 Laurenio P. Loureiro  
 Angelo Mango  
 Louis J. G. Maraux  
 Leon Martin  
 John J. McCarthy  
 Frederick J. McHugh  
 John G. McIntyre  
 Stanley N. McLaughlin  
 Eugene Medeiros  
 Paul J. O'Rourke  
 Antonio J. Paglia

John J. Palaske  
 Edward H. Phippard  
 Lawrence Pollock  
 Walter R. Rosendale  
 Carmelo Saladino  
 Earl F. Schafer  
 Stephen S. Sroka  
 Donald Sylvia  
 Donald F. Taylor  
 George J. Veres  
 Donald A. Walker  
 William T. Walters.

#### Pfe

James Barbas  
 Chester P. Bogden  
 Vincent J. Bruno  
 Robert G. Cummings  
 Edward J. Dzidzie  
 Earl T. Donahue  
 Francis L. Donnelan  
 Anthony Festa  
 Andrew Georgantas  
 Noah Gomes

Robert G. Hall  
 Oliver B. Joyce  
 Casimir W. Koczera  
 Melvin J. Lieberman  
 Gilbert S. Lopes  
 Edward J. Lowney  
 Lawson Morrow  
 John Napolitano  
 Francis A. Nardone  
 Victor J. Nunes  
 Edward J. O'Mara  
 George E. Pettingill  
 Arthur R. Peirce  
 Richard G. Robinson  
 Clarence H. Rogers  
 Verner R. Swanson  
 Randall Taylor  
 Antone M. Varao  
 Joseph M. Varao  
 Manuel E. Viera Jr

#### Pvt

Robert F. Jordan

**THE FELLOWS YOU WORKED WITH  
SECTION PHOTOS**

**REGISTRAR,  
RECEIVING  
& EVACUATION**



**SURGERY**

**MESS**



**HEADQUARTERS  
& MEDICAL SUPPLY**

# THE FELLOWS YOU WORKED WITH



WARD

MOTOR POOL



LABORATORY,  
X-RAY & PHARMACY

DETACHMENT





## A DAY TO REMEMBER

20 May 1943	The 107th Evacuation Hospital (SM) was designated under Army Ground Forces Letter, file 321 113 (Med) (R) GNCCT, dated 28 March 1943. The organization was activated by Second United States Army Letter A-246, dated 6 May 1943 under T O & 8—581,8 Jan 1943. Activation took place at Camp Blanding, Florida on 20 May 1943 with Lt Col Henry W. Daine commanding.
11 June 1943	Arrival of 182 filler replacements from Fort Devens, Mass.
20 Sept 1943	Hospital Unit moved to Camp Gordon, Georgia.
30 Oct 1943	Alerted for Participation in Second Army Maneuvers No. 8 and 9.
9 Nov 1943	Departed from Camp Gordon, Georgia.
11 Nov 1943	Arrived Shelbyville, Tennessee.
14 Nov 1943	First Assignment of 20 nurses arrived.
18 Nov 1943	Unit moves into maneuver area.
18 Nov 1943	to 7 Jan 1944: Tennessee Winter Maneuvers at following locations.
19 Nov 1943	Castillian Springs.
3 Dec 1943	Baxter.
10 Dec 1943	Murfreesboro.
16 Dec 1943	Shelbyville-Unit winterizes.
22 Dec 1943	Cooksville-Hospital Set-Up with one Echelon.
2 Jan 1944	Unit Alerted for overseas movement.
19 Jan 1944	Unit moved to Camp Tyson, Tenn. Staging Area.
18 Feb 1944	Unit Arrived at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey.
27 Feb 1944	Sailed from New York Harbor on Navy Transport "Susan B. Anthony."
9 Mar 1944	Arrived Port of Belfast, North Ireland.
11 May 1944	Unit moved from Belfast, North Ireland to Denbigh, North Wales on Army Transport, Goethals.
7 July 1944	Unit moved to marshalling area at Southampton, England.
11 July 1944	Crossed English Channel on British Transport SS Victoria.
12 July 1944	Arrived Omaha Beach, Normandy and bivouacked in Transient Area No 3 near St Laurent Sur Mer, France.
13 July 1944	Personnel divided into four groups for detached service with 2nd, 5th, 24th and 44th Evacuation Hospitals.
16 July 1944	Personnel reassembled and hospital set up at Le Defant, near St Sauveur le Vicomte. 1st Combat Station.
2 Aug 1944	Unit Moved to Brehal, France.

10 Aug 1944	Hospital moved across Brittany Peninsula to Ploudaniel.
11 Aug 1944	Opened Hospital at Ploudaniel, supporting the "Siege of Brest".
13 Sept 1944	Hospital Opened at Port Launey, France, at the Base of Crozan Peninsula.
27 Sept 1944	Began long move across France, Belgium and Luxemburg. First Bivouac in vicinity of Rennes, France.
29 Sept 1944	Bivouac in vicinity of Chartres, France.
30 Sept 1944	Bivouac near Suippes, France.
1 Oct 1944	Hospital opened at Clervaux, 12 miles Northwest of Bastogne, Belgium
27 Nov 1944	Closed for admission of patients. Dispensary service continues.
16 Dec 1944	Warning orders for movement to undisclosed destination.
17 Dec 1944	"Battle of the Bulge" is on. Hospital moved to Chateau Roumont, Libin, Belgium. First time hospital operated in buildings.
21 Dec 1944	Hospital receives emergency orders to evacuate. Moved to St Joseph's School, Carlsburg, Belgium.
22 Dec 1944	Ordered to move immediately to Sedan, France. Personnel billeted at College Turenne and hospital at L'Ecole de la Textile du Nord.
1 Jan 1945	Bombed and strafed by enemy bomber at College Turenne.
21 Jan 1945	Moved to St Joseph's School, Hachy, Belgium.
1 Mar 1945	Hospital Moved to Diekirch, Luxemburg.
16 Mar 1945	First move on German soil, Opened Hospital in German orphanage at Mayen.
7 Apr 1945	Crossed the Rhine River.
8 Apr 1945	Stop-over at Kassel. Bivouacked at German Flight Training School.
13 Apr 1945	Arrived in Thamsbruck, Germany-Back in tents.
26 Apr 1945	Bivouacked outside Weiden, Germany.
30 Apr 1945	Opened hospital outside Regensburg on banks of Regan River.
21 May 1945	Wurzburg, Germany. Hospital occupies building of former German Military Hospital and begins functioning as Station Hospital.
10 July 1945	Unit assigned Category IV for Redeployment.

# WHEN IT IS ALL OVER — YOU WILL FIND US HERE:

## DIRECTORY OF NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF OFFICERS, NURSES AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE 107th EVACUATION HOSPITAL (SM)

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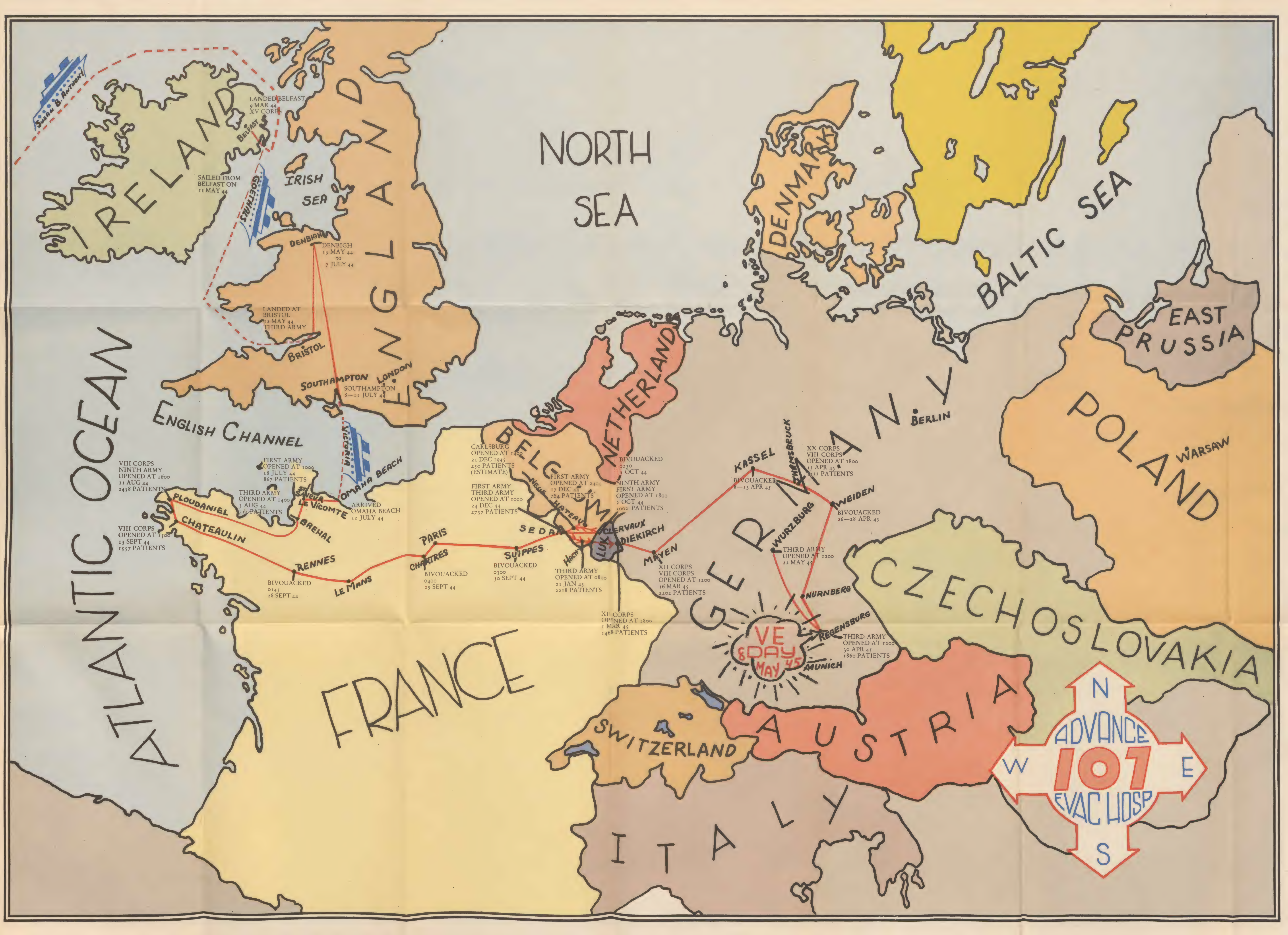
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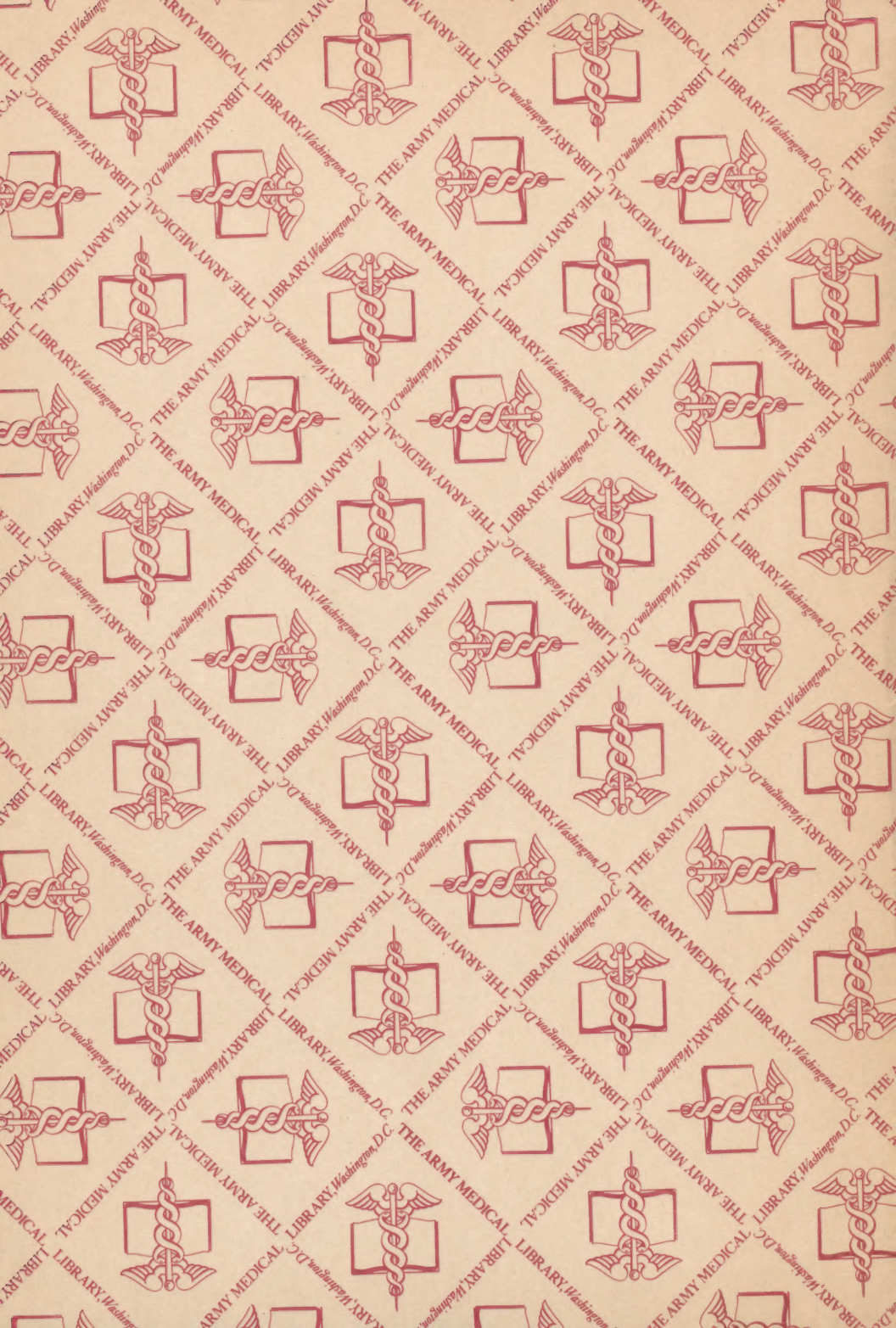














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